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NOMAD™

RED TIDE

30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

O'NEIL-MCKENNA '92

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America. Stan Lee presents NOMAD

LOS ANGELES. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

OH GOD

SPIKE SPRAYED HERE TOMMY SPLATTERED EVERYWHERE

GLENN GOT MARRIED

TOM GOT MARRIED

FABIAN WRITES

PAT DRAWS

MARKINKER

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HAFF HAAAAK

OH GOD C'MON

PRRRTTT

AAAGH--

--AAAH--

--DON'T--

-- PLEASE --

--PLEASE DON'T KILL ME--

--WHY'RE YOU DOING THIS--?

OH, SORRY-- 6'CUSE ME --

--D'JOU SAY SOMETHING, MAN?

WHY ARE YOU *HUNTING* ME?

YOU'RE THE *UNDERGROUNDER* CALLED *TENURE*, RIGHT?

Y-YES --

♫ FALL RIGHT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN END UP KISSING DUST ♫

WELL, I GOT A *LESSON* TO TEACH YOU, TENURE...

DON'T $#%@ WITH THE PIPELINE!!

PRRRRTTT

CHIKKA CHIKKA CHIKKA CHIK

CLASS DISMISSED.

IT'S A REAL SHAME 'BOUT TENURE.

AND ABOUT PRETTY BOY.

AND ROCK-PORT.

HORIZON-- WHAT DO YOU SEE?

HOW MANY MORE OF US HAVE TO BE KILLED BEFORE THEY'RE SATISFIED?

WE'RE CHALK PEOPLE TO THEM.

THEY WON'T BE DONE TILL THE SLATE'S WIPED CLEAN AND THE UNDERGROUNDERS'RE ERASED FROM THE BLACKBOARD.

WE'RE NOT A GANG LIKE THEY ARE! WE'RE JUST STREET URCHINS!

WE DON'T HAVE ANY MUSCLE!

EXCEPT FOR JACK.

JACK-- WILL YOU HELP US?

I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS SOONER OR LATER.

I DON'T KNOW, LEGS...

... WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?

FIND THE TIDE AND GO WITH THE FLOW...

... JUST MAKE SURE THE TIDE DON'T COME BACK IN.

YOU KNOW I DON'T DO TOMBSTONES.

WELL, TOMBSTONES'RE WHAT YOU'LL BE TALKING TO WHEN YOU WANT TO TALK TO US!!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST PAY THE PIPELINE THE MONEY YOU OWE THEM?

YEAH, I THOUGHT THAT WOULD MAKE TOO MUCH SENSE.

SANTA MONICA
YACHT HARBOR
SPORT FISHING BOATING
Cafes

I HIT THE BEACH EVERY DAY FOR *THREE WEEKS* TRYING TO MAKE SOME IN-ROADS INTO THE PIPELINE.

I GO FROM LOOKING LIKE A *CASPER* TO A *MELANIN HEAD.*

SO THREE WEEKS OF THIS *DRUDGE* WORK AND ALL I GET TO SHOW FOR IT IS A KILLER TAN...

... AND ONE *GORGEOUS* TICKET TO THE PIPE-LINE.

HEY! JACK-- 'ZUP?

DOING GOOD, JACKIE.

GOT OFF WORK TONIGHT. HOPIN' WE COULD HANG.

FWATHOOO

GIMMEEE BABEEE!

BUCKY, 'ZUP KIDDO?

JACK, HONEY, I'M SORRY, BUT I GOT OTHER PLANS FOR TONIGHT.

OH.

WEEELL... MAYBE YOU CAN COME ALONG?

DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOUR *DATE* WOULD MIND.

IT'S *NOT* A DATE - IT'S A *PARTY*-- A NIGHTTIME BEACH PARTY...

AND CLICKING INTO THE PIPELINE TURNS *THAT* EASY.

AND THAT *BORING*.

MOST OF IT IS JUST LISTENING TO THIS '60S *BEACH BLANKET BINGO*, ACID-LACED *REJECT* RAMBLE ON AND ON.

YEAH, WE *MARCHED*, MAN.

WE MARCHED IN *BERKLEY*.

WE *DIED* AT *KENT STATE*.

WE TRIPPED THE *WAVES* AND TRIPPED THE *SUITS*.

THE TIME IS COMIN' *AGAIN*, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

THE SUITS HAVE RISEN AGAIN AND MUST BE SHOWN THE *LIGHT OF FREEDOM*.

THE ONLY FREEDOM I WANT IS FROM THIS HAS-BEEN.

AND APPARENTLY, SO DOES SOMEONE *ELSE*.

THAT'S HIM. NO DOUBTS.

AFTER A WHILE, PEOPLE LIKE *US* CAN *SMELL* EACH OTHER OUT.

HE WALKS BECAUSE HE'S NOT ONE FOR TALK.

I *KNOW* THE KIND.

I LOOK AT IT IN THE *MIRROR* EVERYDAY.

JACKIE-- BUCKY-PATROL-- NATURE'S CALLING.

NOT INTO THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO *CUBBY* AND *ANNETTE* ON *SMACK*, ARE YOU?

THROWBACK'S GOT *HIS* GIG, I GOT *MINE*.

WHAT'D *THAT* BE?

I GOT ALL *THIS*, HOME.

THE WAVES? THE OCEAN?

FWUSHSHSH

DON'T *ALL* OF YOU GUYS HAVE THAT?

ALL OF US *WANT* IT.

I HAVE TO *GIVE* IT TO THEM.

HOW'S THAT GO?

I MEAN, WHO CAN TAKE THE *BEACH* AWAY?

EVERYONE WANTS TO TAKE AWAY WHAT'S *DIFFERENT* FROM ANY DUDE WHO *IS* DIFFERENT.

LOOK AT US. NO SOCIAL SECURITY TAXES HERE.

NO W-2'S.

NO CONDO ASSOCIATION PRESIDENTS.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU NEEDED *THAT* TO WALK THE GROUND.

THAT'S THE POINT--YOU *SHOULDN'T.*

BUT THAT DON'T MEAN THE RULE-MAKERS WHO DON'T UN'ERSTAND AIN'T GONNA TRY AN' TAKE IT AWAY.

AND WHEN THEY *DO* TRY?

THEN I MAKE SURE THE PIPE-LINE STAYS *CLEAN.*

NO MATTER *WHAT.*

I'VE MET WHO. AND NOW I KNOW *WHY.*

AND THE WORST PART OF IT ALL...

...IS I'M STARTING TO THINK THEY'RE **RIGHT**...

MINNEAPOLIS...

GIMME SOME MONEY--

--I'LL CUTCHU BLADE-SLICE, MAN --

AH, THE BASTARDIZATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE *NEVER* CEASES TO AMAZE ME.

WHAT YOU MEANT TO SAY, WAS--

"PLEASE GIVE ME SOME MONEY."

"OR I WILL CUT YOU WITH THIS KNIFE, MY GOOD MAN."

HEY-- *HEY*--

WAK

THUD

THWUMPH

TAP

MY NAME IS GISCARD EPURER.

I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU, IF YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME.

WHAT?

YOUR BABY WAS TAKEN FROM YOU. I CAN GET HER BACK.

AND WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO FOR YOU?

YES, I'M GOING OUT WITH THEM *AGAIN* TONIGHT.

YOU GUYS'VE PUT ME IN A *REAL* GRINDER HERE.

BEFORE I MOVE ON THE PIPELINE, I WANT TO MAKE SURE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING.

WHAT'S THERE TO KNOW, BRO?

I **LIKE** THESE FOLKS, HORIZON.

MOST OF 'EM ARE REAL... LOOSE. IT'S KIND OF... I DON'T KNOW-- *COMFORTABLE.*

YOU LIKIN' GUN RUNNERS, DRUG DEALERS, WEAPONS SMUGGLERS?

I LIKE PROSTITUTES, SCAM ARTISTS, CAR STRIP-PERS--

--NAMELY **YOU** GUYS -- SO WHATS THE DIFF?

WE DON'T **KILL** ANYONE, JACK!

AND THEY'RE KILLING *US!*

SO HERE ARE MY CHOICES.

I STOP EBBTIDE--

--I GET THE PIPELINE OFF YOUR BACKS--

--AND I'M A *MARKED MAN* BY EVERY GANG IN THIS CITY.

I MEAN **NO ONE** IS ON YOUR SIDE ON THIS ONE.

YOU *CHEATED* THEM, IT'S ALL ABOUT BULL#@$% HONOR.

I HELP YOU OUT, I CAN'T STAY IN L.A. ANYMORE.

INDEED, YOU'D BE WALKIN' LIKE YOU'RE TALKIN'.

BUT IF YOU DON'T STOP EBBTIDE, HE'LL KILL US ALL--

--MAYBE EVEN *BUCKY*-- MAYBE EVEN **YOU.**

SO TELL ME, WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS IT, EITHER WAY?

THE SAME KINDA LIFE WE *ALL* LIVE, *SPANDEX*--

--A LIFE OF *CHOOSIN'* AN' *LOSIN'*.

AND MAYBE IT'S A LIFE I'M GETTING REAL TIRED OF...

JACK-- ZAT YOU ?

WHY YOU DRESSED SO-- STUPID-- ?

ME AND JACK GOTTA TAKE A WALK AN' TALK.

CATCHJOU ON THE BREAK, JACKIE-HON.

FINISH SHSHSH

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.

BUT I'VE GOT NO CHOICE.

NEITHER DO I, JACK.

YOU KNEW ALL ALONG, DIDN'T YOU?

PEOPLE LIKE YOU AN' ME, WE GOT A WAY OF *SMELLIN'* EACH OTHER OUT, Y'KNOW?

YEAH... YEAH, I KNOW.

HOW'RE WE GOING TO DO THIS?

BEST WAY I KNOW HOW, JACK--

-- QUICK AND PAINLESS!!

PRRRRAAAAAPPTTT

PHSH

HUMPH

FWUSH SHSH

STUN-DISC. METAL ALLOY. WATERPROOF, TOO.

WWW

"KTHUNK" NOT "KRAK."

THAT MEANS HE'S GOT A HARDER HEAD THAN I WOULD'VE HOPED.

AND *THAT* MEANS HE'LL BE ON ME EVEN FASTER--

PPRRAAAAPP

I LOVE BEING RIGHT.

OPEN

PCHING PCHING PCHING

C'MON, JACK--I DON'T WANT *CIVS* HURT HERE!

EXCEPT, OF COURSE, FOR THE ONES THAT GET IN HIS WAY.

NICE TO KNOW HE CARES ABOUT INNOCENT BY-STANDERS.

JAAAACK--!

HERE.

KRAKT

THWUD

CHAKT

"KRAKT." NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

THOSE ARE PRETTY GOOD ONES, TOO.

ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY'RE COMING FROM *HIM* AND NOT *ME*.

JACK--?

MAN, HE *IS* GOOD.

THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG.

BUT I'M ALSO *HOLDING BACK*...

... BECAUSE I LIKE HIM--

-- I LIKE MOST OF THESE PIPE-LINE IDIOTS --

-- BUT *LIKE* ISN'T AS IMPORTANT AS *LIFE*--

-- AND I'M PLAYING FOR *LIFE* AND *DEATH* HERE!

AND IT'S *NOT* A GAME I'M TOO INTERESTED IN *LOSING*!

IT'S *OVER*!

LEAVE THE UNDERGROUNDERS ALONE AND I WALK.

THE WAR IS FINISHED AS OF *NOW*!

WE DO THAT, JACKSTER, WE BACK DOWN *ONCE*--

--THEN WE BACK OUT *FOREVER*.

THAT'S NOT OUR WAY, MAN.

YOU DON'T BACK OUT NOW, I'LL *KILL* HIM.

IS *THAT* YOUR WAY?

PUT THE GUN DOWN, JACK.

THE PIPELINE'LL BACK OUT IF THE UNDERGROUNDERS DO.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

THAT LEAVES THE PIPELINE *DIRTY*, JACK...

...SO *NO*--IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!!

KAPOW

I DRAG MY HEELS ALL THE WAY HOME.

TAKES ME THREE HOURS TO GET THERE.

HOME?

... THIS IS *LIFE.*

THIS IS A *NIGHTMARE.*

I HAVEN'T KNOWN A PLACE CALLED HOME SINCE...

... I RE-MEMBER FARMLAND... CORN FIELDS...

LOS ANGELES IS *DYING,* ISN'T IT?

CANCER. A SLOW DEATH. A LITTLE MORE GETS EATEN AWAY EVERY DAY.

A LITTLE MORE OF IT DIED TODAY--

--IN *HERE.*

... *THAT* WAS HOME... THAT WAS A *DREAM...*

OTHER PLACES TO BE 'SIDES HERE, SPANDEX.

ANY PLACE YOU'RE AT, DROP A QUARTER IN THE SLOT, THE AREA CODE IN FRONT OF THIS NUMBER--

--AN' YOU'RE HOOKED UP TO THE UNDER-GROUNDERS LICKETY-SPLIT, DIG?

HORIZON...

...I'M NOT SPANDEX.

I KNOW, JACK.

SPEED LIMIT 55

THE END

NEXT: PHOENIX + RED WOLF = TROUBLE.